

Fine Art of Babysitting

by Cynbel84

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Summary: Someone gets a little too curious as to how Urahara stays looking so young. The red head isn't the only one who suffers the consequences, a certain Quincy does as well. Some adult language and humor. Suggestive situations/conversations. 1st chapter just an intro

1. Chapter 1

He was writing feverishly at his desk when insistent rapping broke his concentration. A glance to the left, big red numbers displayed two thirty-three. _Who in theâ€¦_ He moved brusquely to the door, irritation crawling over his body. A brief moment of "reaching outward" and he knew the spiritual energy to be that of the shady shopkeeper. Unlocking the bolt, he yanked open the door being sure to display just how very put out he felt.

"What do _you _want?" A dark eyebrow arched over his patented steely blue gaze.

Not phased in the least, the blonde stepped around the increasingly agitated Quincy holding what looked to be a small bundle of blankets.

"Ev'ning Uryu! Nice place you have here." The blonde's inquisitive gray eyes trailed over the near bare walls and room. There was a small kitchenette that seated two, a couch in the conjoined sitting room, and a massive ornate wooden bookshelf filled with literary jewels, medical books, and memoirs.

"Uruharaâ€¦|." The brunette's tone was low and dangerous, filled with a promise of bodily injury.

"Yes, yes. To the task at hand." A bright smile plastered to his face. "Uryu, as you know, I am a very busy man. Owning my own business, customer satisfaction and all that."

That guy is lucky to have three customers in a year. He was beginning to lose feeling in his fingers, mottled and clenched, from the restraint being used from not throttling the blonde standing in his apartment.

Turning to face the slow boiling rage that was Uryu, he continued. "That being said, I need you to take care of this for me." The bundle was gently pushed at the brunette's chest.

"You came here, at this gods' forsaken hour, interrupting my studies, to have me do your _laundry?" _

"Don't be silly. I'm a grown man completely capable of laundering my own clothing." His hand waving dismissing the notion.

"Then what do you want me to do with thisâ€|thisâ€| _whatever _it is?" His brows were knitted, thoroughly perplexed with the older man's intentions. He turned the bundle this way and that eliciting a small mumbling noise from within.

The brunette efficiently distracted, Urahara backed slowly towards the door. He was out in the hall, door shut silently behind him when he heard it.

"WHAAA!? Urahara! Get your sneaky ass back here! What do I do with it?!"

Flash step was the blondes best friend as he high tailed it back to his shop, grin fit to split his face.

2. Chapter 2

Uryu stared in disbelief, and a little horror, at the small squirming thing laying in the center of his bed. Cherub like arms and legs moved sporadically, blankets going askew. Round cheeks, and enormous doe eyes faced him, garbled baby gibberish spewing from the drool covered mouth. He could just _kill _that bastard shop keeper.

Coming to perch on the edge of the bed, he finally _really_ looked at the baby swaddled within the colorful blankets. The cinnamon colored eyes, a small patch of what may one day become a mop of vividly orange hair. Realization backhanded him, nearly sending him toppling backwards off the bed.

"You _idiot. _Now what did you do?" He angrily whispered. He wanted to yell and scream and rant. But, the "idiot" was a baby at the moment and it was just not conducive to proper child rearing. At least, that's what Uryu believed to be true. Also, he was not going to give the red head grounds to blame any psychological traumas on him, that was Isshin's handy-work.

He was searching for his now ringing phone when "Ichigo" started to cry.

"Just hang on. I'm in the middle of something." He called from under his bed. Being a baby, reason did nothing to cease the wailing.

Having found his phone, that for some reason had made it all the way under the opposite side of the bed, he began backing out from the low piece of furniture. In his haste to stop the ear piercing assault, the frame caught him on the top of his head.

"Damn it!" Rear planted on the floor, cell in one hand, he vigorously rubbed the growing lump with the other mussing the ever in place hair.

Apparently baby Ichigo had the same sense of humor as teenage Ichigo. After the solid hit of cranium to bed frame, the baby was giggling high and loud.

"Ha, ha, ha. Just wait until you return to your normal state." He was standing over the bed, hands firmly on slim hips. Dismissing the infant with a huff, he flipped open his cell and checked his miss call list. _Urahara. If he was smart, he would have left the country by now._ He hit call back and waited for the irritatingly cheerful voice to answer.

_"Urahara's shop! This is Urahara. How can I help you today my valued customer?" _

"You can start by telling me why you left an infantile Ichigo at my apartment. I'd also like to know how he got in this state in the first place."

_"Okay." _Uryu could hear him smirk through the ear piece. _"Your red headed friend-"_

"He is NOT my friend." Uryu insisted.

"Very well. The red headed boy in which you are acquainted, have fought many battles beside, and mutually protect-"

"Don't get smart." Uryu growled. A brief snicker could be heard before the blonde continued.

_"He had decided to stick his nose where it definitely didn't belong. After finding out my true age, he was determined to find out how I had not turned into a wrinkled old prune of a man. I have an elixir, which I keep in my medicine cabinet and he found it" _Uryu picked up the smug satisfaction tingeing his words.

"So, he decided to take it?"

_"Not at all." _

"Explain."

_"He didn't know I followed him and caught him snooping around, nor did I tell him. I simply put it in his tea the next time he left the table." _No remorse could be heard in his words._

"That doesn't explain why _I _of all people got stuck babysitting. It's _your _mess, why I am cleaning it up?"

_"I told you I'm a busy man-" _

Uryu interrupted_, _"You don't think _I'm _busy?! Before you so

rudely showed up at my door, I was studying. Finals are this week. Not to mention I need sleep before I go to school in the morning."

"Taking care of a child and running a business don't really go hand in hand. He needs a friend right now, someone to take good care of him. I admit I have many astounding qualities, but alas, I am not a very good candidate for parent of the year. " Besides this setup will prove to be much more entertaining, _the man thought giddily.

"I am not his friend, nor do I give a damn what happens to him." He was pacing the room, voice a hiss. It was three thirty in the morning, no need to rouse the neighbors. Falling back onto his couch he continued.

"This is his fault and your doing. I demand that you pick him up _right now._" Dead air answered him on the other end. He held his phone at arm's length, glaring with all he had. _That arrogant bastard._

He closed his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose attempting to stem off the aggressive headache lying in wait. He was tired, _beyond _tired, and now here he was with that pain in the ass substitute soul reaper in an even more patience taxing form. From the looks of him, he was still at the age where he needed to be fed every couple of hours during the night. And burped, and changed, and...Uryu covered his face with a small blue throw pillow and screamed into it.

After composing himself, he swung his legs off the couch, feet reluctantly hitting the floor. He levered himself upward, running thin fingers through sleek dark hair, and sulked all the way back to his room. He stood in the doorway looking at what now seemed to be a very asleep Ichigo in the middle of his very desired bed. *_Sigh*_

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"_Couch it is." Shoulders slumped, he went about putting together a make shift bed out in the sitting room.

Stepping into his pajama pants, he began thinking about what the hell he was going to do with his new "responsibility" First thing in the morning, he was marching straight to Urahara's place and giving Ichigo back. He would have done it right then but it was only two hours away from having to get up for school and he was exhausted. He _needed _those two hours if he didn't want to be an extra for a zombie apocalypse movie. If indeed he did become a zombie, he knew who's brains he'd eat first. With that, he got comfortable as best he could.

A full hour of punching his pillow and thrashing about the none too comfortable couch, he surrendered. There was absolutely no way he would be able to sleep on the damn spring riddled, god awful excuse for a couch. He only had it for filling up empty space. He was never home but to sleep anyway. He had school, the craft club after that, studying was done in his room at his desk, and any spare time after that was consumed by hunting hollows with Ichigo. Keeping that reckless idiot out of his self made trouble was a job in and of itself. Patrol was going to increase exponentially since the substitute was currently of no use.

Deciding to get up and get ready for school early, he went to his

room to get his clothes and check on the "baby strawberry". He was snoring, content smile on his little round face which was currently laying in what looked like a pond sized puddle of drool. He made a mental note to send Urahara the dry cleaning bill for his favorite blue and white down quilt.

Showered and dressed for school, he packed his bag with the slew of books that had been abandoned on his desk the night before. He had only gotten through the first three chapters prior to being a surrogate parent. He knew the material and wasn't that concerned about getting a decent grade, he always did, but decent was never his goal. Excellence, that was what he strove for in every aspect of his life. He considered himself a perfectionist, Ichigo considered him anal.

Time to leave, he went to grab Ichigo, stopping mid motion as he realized he had no real good way of carrying him in a concealed manner. Walking down the street with a child slung over a slim hip was a bit much for the ever rigid Quincy pride. Brows furrowed, he racked his brain for something that may suffice. Unable to think of anything else, he looked for his old gym bag. Dragging it out from the back of his closet, he padded it with some blankets and shifted the still sleeping Ichigo into it.

End
file.